

## Try it Again

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# Try it Again

by [MollyPollyKinz](#)

## Summary

“What’s wrong?” the ghost with Wilbur’s face asked, “Tommy—”

“What did you do to Wilbur?!” Tommy demanded, pointing his sword at the ghost, even though he knew it wouldn’t actually be able to do anything.

“Tommy, I don’t—I don’t understand—”

OR, Pogtopia Tommy, Tubbo, Schlatt, and Dream find themselves in future. (Chat comes along too).

(you do not need to read the first fic of this series)

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy woke up, exhausted.

The day before, Wilbur had him working his butt off for materials. Tommy was never going to say no to Wilbur, of course, but there was some sense of dread in doing anything in Pogtopia.

Maybe it was Wilbur's endless ramblings about destroying everything. Maybe it was the way that Dream would come in, handing Wilbur TNT and encouraging Wilbur's endeavors.

Maybe Tommy was just being paranoid and should cut it out.

Man, and he had such a strange dream the night before as well. Tubbo had been there, and Dream, and maybe even Schlatt.

Tommy shuddered. He hoped that Tubbo was doing alright, working as a spy under Schlatt's nose. The last thing Tommy wanted was for Tubbo to get hurt supporting their cause.

Wilbur didn't seem to care, but Wilbur hardly seemed to care about anything at all anymore.

Not opening his eyes, Tommy sat up from bed, preparing himself for another long day. Oh well. If Wilbur was in a good mood, it'd be pretty nice.

Of course, if Wilbur was in a bad mood, it would probably be best for Tommy to keep his distance. The last thing he needed was to screw up and get Wilbur all upset with him, even if it did always work out in the end.

And then Tommy opened his eyes.

Sunlight instantly blinded him, and Tommy shut his eyes all over again, wincing at the bright light.

Why was he outside? Why wasn't he in Pogtopia? Had he been kidnapped? Had he fallen asleep outside?

But no, because Tommy was very clearly in a bed.

Who the hell placed their beds outside?

After rubbing his fingers over his eyes, Tommy slowly brought them open again, drinking every detail of the scene surrounding him.

He was definitely in a house. The sunlight was streaming from the windows, not the great outdoors like Tommy previously thought. The room itself was pretty small, but comfortable

looking enough, and there was a chest and armor stand and pretty much the stuff that you would find in a basic room.

It did nothing to actually explain what the hell Tommy was doing there.

Was he in the White House? Tommy wasn't sure he recalled any of the rooms using this particular design, but maybe things had changed under Schlatt's administration.

But if he was in the White House, then surely Tommy would be bound or something. After all, he'd definitely be a prisoner, and there was no way that Schlatt would just let his prisoners be allowed to move freely.

Honestly, Tommy hadn't thought that Schlatt would have it within his capabilities to allow his prisoners a nice bed at all.

Well, Tommy was now thoroughly confused and had no clearer idea of where he was than when he started his line of questioning, so now there was only one thing to do.

Investigation.

Tommy jumped out of the bed and braced himself, half expecting a guard to come in to beat Tommy up or something. Wilbur had made it very clear that Schlatt and anyone working under him (with the exception of Tubbo, obviously) would not hesitate to hurt Tommy, and considering that Tommy had been exiled from Schlatt and watched his brother get pierced by an arrow first-hand, he was inclined to agree with him.

Stupid Punz. The next time Tommy saw Punz, he'd shoot him with an arrow. Maybe then, Punz would know better than to kill his brother.

It's okay. Wilbur still had one life. Things could still turn out well. Tommy just had to trust that Wilbur had a good plan that didn't involve blowing Manberg to smithereens.

No guards came to beat Tommy up, however. Tommy considered this a good sign, and he checked his inventory.

Wait. He had weapons. He even had armor.

But they were definitely *not* the same weapons and armor that Tommy had the day before. Last time Tommy had checked, they were not this well stocked on netherite.

What sort of prison security was this? First, they don't tie him up, then they don't have guards, and now they're *giving* prisoners weapons?

Something was telling Tommy that he wasn't in a prison.

But if he wasn't in a prison, where the hell was he? It wasn't like Wilbur would have them change locations without telling Tommy.

Tommy slowly walked up to the door, pulling his sword out. Maybe this was all some very elaborate trap. Maybe, someone would jump out behind that door any minute now.

Well, there was only one way to find out.

Taking a deep breath, Tommy wrapped his hand around the doorknob and thrust the door open.

A tall figure was standing in front of Tommy.

Tommy shrieked, instantly swiping at him with his sword.

The person just frowned, seemingly *oblivious* to the fact that Tommy had just sliced them. With a sword.

What was going on?

“That wasn’t very nice,” the person said, their voice echoing like they were in a very large and empty room.

That’s when Tommy realized. This person wasn’t standing. As a matter of fact, their feet were a bit off the ground like they were *floating*.

Was this—was this a *ghost*?

Tommy looked up at the ghost, trying to get a closer look. Now that Tommy was actually looking at the ghost’s face and not trying to avoid a heart attack at their sudden appearance, some terrifying things were coming to light.

For one, the ghost was wearing the same oversized yellow jumper that Wilbur used to wear when he was extra sad.

Second, the ghost definitely had dark, curly hair, although the original color of it seemed to be dulled by the fact that he was a gray-toned ghost.

But third, and definitely most importantly, the ghost had Wilbur’s face.

Tommy shrieked.

“What’s wrong?” the ghost with Wilbur’s face asked, “Tommy—”

“What did you do to Wilbur?!” Tommy demanded, pointing his sword at the ghost, even though he knew it wouldn’t actually be able to do *anything*.

The ghost’s expression became shocked and almost *hurt*, but Tommy couldn’t spare a moment of pity for him. He was the one who had decided to steal Wilbur’s face.

“Tommy, I don’t—I don’t understand—”

“What did you do to him you face-stealing moron?!” Tommy shouted, “And where am I? Where did you take me?”

Weird, dark blue stuff was coming from Face-Stealer's eyes, but Tommy didn't care. He wanted to make sure Wilbur was alright. And clearly, if ghosts had managed to steal his face, Wilbur was *not* alright.

"You're at, you're at Technoblade's cabin," Face Stealer said, "Remember Technoblade?"

Tommy scoffed. Who did this guy think he was dealing with? He wasn't some child that could be easily manipulated.

"Of course, I remember Technoblade." Face Stealer brightened, which was completely out of character for Wilbur. Honestly, couldn't Face Stealer at least *pretend* he knew what Wilbur acted like?

Then again, the idea of this face stealer towering over him like Wilbur would sometimes do, lecturing him when Tommy did something dumb, or forcing him into a dark space because Tommy had been so *stupid*—

Yeah, Tommy wasn't going to think about that at the moment.

"I also know that Technoblade doesn't live in a cabin."

Face Stealer's face fell. "But he does," Face Stealer said, twisting his ghostly fingers in his hands, "Here, I'll get him."

Face Stealer went out of view, and Tommy could hear his echoing calls reverberate through the 'cabin.'

"Technoblade!" Face Stealer's voice said, "Something's wrong with Tommy!"

Tommy froze when he heard footsteps against the stairs. Tommy stared when instead of Face Stealer dejectedly returning, Technoblade stood in front of him, one hand on his hip and the other massaging his forehead.

"What is it?" Technoblade asked, looking *exhausted*, "Because it's way too early for this."

"Technoblade?" Tommy demanded, "Why do you have a *cabin* in the *woods*?"

Technoblade looked confused, but eventually, he just said, "Because I retired?"

"You-you *retired*?" Tommy demanded, somewhat hysterically, "But you're helping us. You said you would help. Wilbur was actually beginning to *trust* you—"

And abruptly, just out of nowhere, Technoblade slammed the door into Tommy's face.

Tommy groaned.

He still had no idea what was going on.

WHOO BJAR SEQUEL

I only had time for one pov because i literally started writing it at 9:50 pm and it is now 10:40 pm.

Thank you for reading, i hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments. <3

Comment or I'll make Technoblade a bad guy. <3 /j

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Technoblade has a spectacular time with an amnesiac chat.

### Chapter Notes

Tw: ptsd, implied/referenced child abuse, violence, referenced canonical character death, threats, panic

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade woke up with a piercing headache.

*WHAT THE HECK. **WHERE ARE WE.** OKAY, OKAY, DON'T PANIC. I assess we are in a small cabin room. WOW, REALLY HELPFUL.*

Nope. No way. It was way too early for this.

Technoblade elected to pretend that his chat wasn't spouting out nonsense and pulled himself out of bed. He'd make himself a quick breakfast before seeing if Tommy was still asleep in his own room.

He probably was, that kid was pretty lazy when he wanted to be, but he seemed to be trying harder to be more awake sooner in the morning ever since Technoblade found him burrowed underneath his house like a raccoon.

*RACOON? **LOL RACCOONINNIT.** Who's raccooninnit? Obviously, it's a cross between innit and raccoon. What are we doing in this strange cabin?*

Fantastic. His chat now had amnesia. Now he'd have to re-suffer the euphoria Chat felt whenever they saw Tommy and started screaming 'raccooninnit' in his ear nonstop.

Technoblade reminded himself to warn Phil that he'd have a bad migraine. Well, at least, he would warn Phil as soon as they got Phil out of house arrest, which had better happen sooner rather than later, although Technoblade had full faith that Phil could manage to handle himself in that time.

*House arrest???/ **PHIL'S HERE???? DADZA DADZA DADZA. DADZA could you please knock some sense into your son? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BLOW UP LM'ANBERG, YAYYYY***



If Chat's amnesia went all the way back to November sixteenth, Technoblade was going to be pretty annoyed. He was not about to give the voices inside his head an orientation explaining everything that had happened while they decided to forget everything.

*Rude. We forgot nothing. WE ARE JUST THAT AMAZING. DO YOU REMEMBER? THE SIXTEENTH NIGHT OF NOVEMBER? NO, ACTUALLY.*

Oh god.

Technoblade decided that this was probably an elaborate prank. Chat was fond of those. He continued on with his life.

"I'm not falling for it," Technoblade said, grabbing some bread from his cabinets to make some toast, "If you think I would, you clearly do not know me as well as you should."

*He doesn't believe us. WHY, HOW COULD YOU ABANDON US IN THIS WAY? THIS IS BETRAYAL. EVERYBODY PREPARE THE BASTIONS. WE FIGHT AT DAWN.*

Technoblade needed a nap, and he literally just got out of bed.

He was munching on his toast when Ghostbur came flying down the stairs, blue dripping down his cheeks.

"Technoblade! Something's wrong with Tommy!"

Once again, that was a bad sign.

*GHOSTBUR??? OMG, IT'S A GHOST VERSION OF WILBUR. WHERE'S THE REAL WILBUR YOU IMPOSTER? LOL THERE'S AN IMPOSTER AMONG US. SUS*

Just ignore it Technoblade. Addressing the ridiculousness of it all would only encourage them.

"Um, something's wrong with Tommy," Ghostbur said, twisting blue in his hands. He smiled wobbly. "He talked about, um, *him*, and I don't know, he just seems very off? I think he might've had a nightmare."

Why did this have to all happen in the same morning? Why couldn't Technoblade just have a nice time not worrying about these things? Why couldn't Technoblade just get a nap.

*Tommy! WHOO LET'S SEE THE BOY. IDK HE'S A BIT ANNOYING. TOMMY TOMMY TOMMY*

Technoblade did not recall his voices being this fond of Tommy in the past, but he wasn't going to complain. It was better than the voice's occasional bouts of violence toward his little brother, which was extremely stressful and not worth it at all.

*TECHNOBRO, TECHNOBRO, TECHNOBRO, TECHNOBRO*

Technoblade headed up the stairs and went to Tommy's room with Ghostbur, and he was shocked to see Tommy holding a sword in his direction, his face burning with more anger and boldness than Technoblade had seen in Tommy in *weeks*. *This* was the Tommy Technoblade knew. This was the Tommy that Technoblade had expected when he began living with him post exile with Dream.

This was decidedly *not* the Tommy Technoblade had found. This was not the Tommy who cowered away from every wrongdoing, claiming Dream was his friend while simultaneously having a panic attack when he saw him approach.

*UH OH, TOMMY'S A BIT ANGRY. EXILE WITH DREAM? TECHNOBLADE, WE'RE IN EXILE WITH WILBUR, EXCPET HE HAS A GHOSTY IMPOSTER, AND WE. ARE IN A STRANGE HOUSE FOR SOME REASON. WHERE'D ALL THOSE SCARS COME FROM?*

"What is it?" Technoblade asked, massaging his forehead, "Because it is way too early for this."

Tommy's anger gave way to confusion.

"Technoblade?" Tommy asked, "Why do you have a *cabin* in the *woods*?"

No. No. If Tommy had amnesia as well, Technoblade was going to die. He was going to collapse and die a painful death. The phrase Technoblade never dies would no longer be true.

*Lol rip. NO TECHNOBLADE NEVER DIES.*

"Because I retired?"

"You-you *retired*?" Tommy demanded, looking almost betrayed, "But you're helping us. You said you would help. Wilbur was actually beginning to *trust* you—"

Nope. Technoblade wasn't going to deal with this. Technoblade wasn't going to go back to Tommy treating him like he was a weapon to be used for his own gain.

He slammed the door shut and stormed back down the stairs, ignoring the mixture of Chat and Ghostbur's exclamations of dismay.

He wasn't doing this again. He wasn't going to do this again.

Maybe Tommy would come to his senses later. Maybe his memory would come to him after a few minutes of quiet contemplation.

*UNLIKELY.*

Technoblade got exactly two minutes of peace before he heard Tommy stomping down the stairs.

"Technoblade, what the heck is going on?!" He was shouting, "I wake up in your cabin, you're apparently a retired, and there's this ghost stealing Wilbur's face."

“I’m not a face stealer,” Ghostbur said quietly, looking uncharacteristically miserable.

Tommy appeared into view, looking livid. “Yes, you *are!* Where is Wilbur? What did you do to him?”

Ghostbur looked like he was nearly about to dissolve in blue, and Technoblade gave him a serious look.

“Go check on Friend,’ he instructed, “I’ll deal with Tommy.”

“You’re working with him?” Tommy demanded, his voice cracking, “Did you even care at all? Wilbur was right, you really aren’t to be trusted, we can’t trust anyone—“

“Tommy, do me a favor and shut up,” Technoblade ground out through gritted teeth.

Ghostbur fled the room.

“Shut up? Shut up?!” Tommy himself looked near to tears, although he was doing an excellent job masking it by being an annoying brat. “You’ve kidnapped me! You’ve done something to Wilbur, and I promised to be with him, where the hell is he?”

It was all too much. The voices were still loudly commenting on the situation, causing Technoblade’s headache to only get worse and worse, and Tommy was screaming at him, sounding exactly like he was back in Pogtopia, right before that stupid pit, right before the *betrayal*, and it was all too much. Technoblade needed a moment to breathe.

“Wilbur is dead!” Technoblade shouted suddenly, angrily turning toward Tommy.

Tommy finally shut up, his eyes blown wide.

“What?” Tommy whispered, his voice trembling.

The anger in Technoblade’s chest died down a little bit. Even after everything that had happened, Tommy was still his little brother. If he really did have amnesia, he was probably confused out of his mind.

Technoblade was still upset with him, but... maybe he should be treating the situation a little more delicately.

*AW, BIG BROTHER BLADE. SO CUTE. TOMY’S VERY LOUD. Wow, thank you captain obvious.*

“I’m sorry,” Technoblade said, feeling incredibly awkward, “But that’s why there’s a ghost with Wilbur’s face. He didn’t steal the face. The ghost is Wilbur.”

Tommy’s face slackened, and he started shaking his head, laughing shakily. “No, no, that’s not right,” he said slowly, “you wouldn’t... Technoblade he’s your twin. You wouldn’t kill him.”

Technoblade bristled in agitation. Did Tommy seriously think that lowly of him?

“Of course I didn’t kill him,” Technoblade said, “Phil did—“

*HE WHAT? WHAT IS GOING ON? WHY IS WILBUR DEAD? I am so confused.*

Technoblade didn’t stop himself soon enough, and Tommy’s shocked and heartbroken expression morphed into one of hard rage.

“What?” He whispered, “*Phil* killed him?”

“You don’t understand—“

“Oh, I understand *plenty*,” Tommy growled, “I understand that you’re either lying to me, trying to convince me that the only person who I can trust is dead, or Wilbur was killed by Phil. Either way, you’re an enemy, and Phil is probably allied with you, and I won’t let you get away with this.”

This was a horrific misunderstanding.

“I never said that—“

“You did!” Tommy screamed, tightening his grip on his sword, “How could you?!”

“I didn’t do anything,” Technoblade said, pulling his own sword out, “Tommy, drop the sword.”

Tommy took a step back, but he raised his sword in front of him, “you don’t scare me,” he said, his voice quivering, “You stay away from me, or I’ll be forced to kill you, and I—I’ll do it.”

He didn’t sound as sure about that last part.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Technoblade said, “But I do need to engage in self defense.”

“Just admit you’re lying,” Tommy said, his voice shaking more and more, “Just bring Wilbur back.”

Technoblade didn’t think that he wanted the Wilbur Tommy was talking about back. Technoblade didn’t want the man who manipulated him, using him as a weapon for his own cause.

But even if he did, there was no way Technoblade could answer yes.

“I can’t.”

“Screw you!” Tommy screamed suddenly, his sword shaking, “I hate you! Bring him back!”

*This is very dramatic. SHUT UP, YOU’RE RUINING THE MOMENT.*

“He’s dead, Tommy,” Technoblade said, slowing down his words as though that would help Tommy understand, “I can’t bring him back.”

“You’re lying,” Tommy whispered again, “You’re lying, you’re lying. I saw him yesterday. He hugged me. He-he was right there.”

As much as Technoblade held resentment toward Tommy for how he was treated during Pogtopia, even he had to admit that this was pretty heartbreaking.

“I think you have amnesia,” he informed Tommy bluntly, “Do you know what day it is?”

Tommy scowled. “You think I can keep track?” He demanded, “It’s early October or something. Ask Wil—“ Tommy’s voice faltered.

*YEAH. **EARLY OCTOBER.** WE’RE NOT INSANE.*

“Tommy,” Technoblade said slowly, feeling a little dizzy himself, “It’s December twenty-eighth.”

Tommy’s face became downright furious. “Stop paying with me. Stop playing with me. Stop.”

Tommy’s voice was teetering on begging now.

“I’m not lying to you, Tommy,” Technoblade said, “Check your communicator.”

Tommy eyed Technoblade suspiciously. “You’ll attack me.”

Technoblade was way too tired for any of this.

He placed his sword into his inventory and raised his hands in surrender. “I won’t do anything,” he promised, “Just check the stupid communicator.”

Tommy continued eyeing Technoblade in suspicion, but he lowered his sword and pulled his communicator out of his pocket.

His face slackened. The sword clattered to the ground.

And suddenly, Tommy was storming out of the house entirely.

Technoblade wasn’t paid enough for this.

*Which says a lot, since you don’t get paid. **JUST ANOTHER TERRIBLE DAY. IN THE FUTURE WHERE EVERYTHING’S... better?***

Tommy had better be the last amnesia case. If Phil came down with it, Technoblade might actually cry, which was an absurd thought.

For now, he’d better chase after Tommy.

Joy.

With a huff, Technoblade grabbed a cloak from the hooks on the wall and wrapped it around himself, realizing that Tommy hadn’t grabbed any protection for the cold. He grabbed a

second cloak to give Tommy. Then, he shoved open the door.

It had begun snowing, and Tommy was already making good distance away from Technoblade's cabin. Still, despite his amnesia, Tommy's body wasn't *nearly* as strong as it was back in Pogtopia, and Technoblade could see his brother stumbling and swearing at the top of his lungs.

Technoblade ran after him, overtaking him fairly quickly.

"What are you doing?" Technoblade demanded.

Tommy wrapped his arms around himself, glaring at Technoblade. "I'm going to Phil," he spat, "I'm going to kill him."

Technoblade grabbed onto Tommy's shoulder instantly after the words spilled out of his mouth, and Tommy flinched.

*No PHIL. What did Phil do? Kill Wilbur?*

"You're not killing Phil," Technoblade said, more frost to his voice, "Now put on this stupid cloak and get back inside."

Tommy turned his glare to the cloak in Technoblade's hands. "I don't know what happened in the last few months, but I sure as hell don't have to take orders from you. Just tell me where Phil is and leave me *alone*."

"You really think I'm going to tell you where Phil is?" Technoblade demanded, raising his voice above the wind that had started blowing, "I don't want him dead!"

"Why not?!" Tommy demanded, "According to you, he killed Wilbur, why would he—why would he do that?"

Sometimes, Technoblade asked himself that question.

But the again, he had been ready to kill Tommy on that same day.

Technoblade didn't like thinking about that.

"Wilbur wasn't a good person," said Technoblade said simply.

That only made Tommy angrier, and he shoved Technoblade's hand off of his shoulder. "Go away!" He screamed, marching through the snow, still without a cloak.

Yeah, Technoblade wasn't going to listen to that.

*BIG BROTHER BLADE. YAY. RIP PHIL. PHIL DIED CRABRAVE.*

"Phil isn't dead," Technoblade growled, marching after Tommy.

Phil wouldn't die, even if that meant Technoblade had to knock Tommy out and drag him back to his cabin.

This was supposed to be a relaxing day.

## Chapter End Notes

Technoblade is a flawed character.

This chapter did not follow my vision for this fic, but the characters do what they want, what can I say.

Thank you for the overwhelming support so far!

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments. <3

Comment or I'll kill Phil. /lh

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo is confused.

Tommy is very violently angry.

## Chapter Notes

tw: implied/referenced child abuse, unhealthy relationships, violence, crying, panic, referenced murder, referenced canon character death, suicidal tendencies

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo woke up with his face pressed up against his desk, which in itself wasn't the most unusual occurrence.

Still, he was ninety-percent sure that he had managed to actually go to sleep in his own bed the night before, so it really begged the question as to why he had found himself in his office. Was it sleep walking?

Prime, Tubbo hoped not.

Groaning, Tubbo sat up, massaging his face. His fingers pressed against smooth but roughly textured skin, and Tubbo stopped short.

Had something gotten on his face? Why did it feel so weird?

Schlatt would not be pleased if Tubbo had managed to smear something all over his face, so Tubbo quickly opened his eyes and jumped to his feet, making a beeline to a bathroom to clean himself up.

And that's when Tubbo realized that he wasn't in the White House at all.

Whatever building he was in, the walls were dark oak, and the halls were completely different from the White House he was familiar with. As a matter of fact, Tubbo wasn't even sure that he had seen a building like this before.

Where was he?



Tubbo frowned, walking down the hall and giving it a good look around. There were some paintings of L'manberg's founding fathers and there were even some of Tubbo wearing a *president's* suit.

This didn't make any sense.

Tubbo rounded the hall and was relieved to see the familiar face of Fundy walking down in the other direction. Upon seeing Tubbo, Fundy brightened, breaking into a jog to get to him.

Was Fundy in on this too? Was this some sort of rebellion base? Did a rebellion just kidnap him?

Wasn't Fundy on Schlatt's side?

"Tubbo!" Fundy called out, skidding to a halt in front of Tubbo and catching his breath, "I have some unfortunate news."

Tubbo giggled somewhat hysterically. "No kidding."

Fundy frowned. "Yeah, well, we're going to have to push the festival another week back. I can't get all the preparations finished in time."

Wait. What?

"Schlatt's not going to be happy about that," Tubbo said, "Do you want me to break the news to him, or is Quackity?"

Fundy gave Tubbo the most perplexed look Tubbo had ever seen on him before. "Ha ha, very funny joke, Tubbo."

Tubbo frowned. What was Fundy talking about? Was something wrong with Schlatt? That would be great, but it seemed almost too good to be true.

"Did something happen?"

Maybe he got a heart attack and died.

Fundy looked concerned now. "Tubbo, Schlatt's dead. Died of a heart attack, remember?"

What.

Tubbo stared at Fundy blankly, wondering if this was another one of his pranks. It wasn't completely impossible that the fox hybrid was pulling a fast one on him, but the fact that he would so casually discuss Schlatt's death shook Tubbo to the core. What if Schlatt found out? Would he think it was a joke or a threat?

"That's not a very funny joke," Tubbo said slowly.

Fundy looked about as confused as Tubbo felt, and they both stared at each other like they were in the middle of the most shocked and silent staring contest in the world.

They were suddenly approached by a very tall enderman hybrid. “Hey, Tubbo, Fundy,” the new person said, acting like he knew them personally, “What’s going on?”

“Who are you?” Tubbo asked bluntly.

“Ranboo?”

Fundy sighed. “Tubbo is either playing a prank on us, or he has gotten amnesia overnight.”

“Oh,” Ranboo said, staring at Tubbo carefully, “That’s weird. I think. That’s weird right?”

“Yes, Ranboo,” Fundy sighed, “It’s weird.” He turned to Tubbo. “Is Wilbur still alive?”

Tubbo snorted. He had no idea what was going on anymore. “Next you’re going to tell me that he’s dead as well, aren’t you?”

The uncomfortable silence between the three of them was not comforting.

“He is dead, right?” Ranboo asked, pulling a journal out of his inventory. He flipped through the pages before landing on one. “It says here that Wilbur was killed by Phil, but I guess...”

“Wilbur was killed by *Phil*?” Tubbo demanded, “Wait, wait, wait. It’s one thing to tell me I’m in the future and Schlatt’s dead. It’s another thing to tell me that Wilbur was killed by his dad.”

Fundy’s face darkened. “Well, he was,” he said.

The world was starting to blur around Tubbo, and he swayed. He didn’t know what was going on. Schlatt was dead, which should be a great thing, but Wilbur was stabbed by his own dad.

Tubbo’s face still felt tight and uncomfortable, and he ran his fingers over the new deformities, feeling somewhat sick.

“So, I have amnesia,” Tubbo whispered.

“Apparently,” Fundy said, sounding incredibly tired, “Well, Quackity will definitely be pleased to hear that our president got amnesia literally a week before our plan to—” Fundy lowered his voice. “—kill Dream came into effect.”

Tubbo blinked. “I’m sorry, I’m the *what*?”

Tommy’s heart was skyrocketing as he tore through the snow, having *no idea* of where he was going. The sun shone uncomfortably in his eyes as he searched for any nether portal. Hopefully, from there, he’d be able to make his way back to L’manberg and *tear limb from limb*.

Technoblade was chasing him, speaking to Tommy frantically.

“Tommy, you don’t want to kill Phil—”

“Yes, I *do*. ”

Phil had killed Wilbur. Phil killed his *brother*. Phil killed the one who had always been there for Tommy, the one who had promised to hold Tommy close, the one who had never left Tommy behind.

“You don’t understand, Wilbur asked him to do it.”

Tommy spun around toward Technoblade, feeling as though his fury was enough to keep him warm in this stupid frozen tundra.

“Don’t lie!” Tommy screamed, “Wilbur would never leave like that! He promised to stay!”

Technoblade’s eyes flashed angrily, and Tommy took a step back. “Oh yeah?” Technoblade asked, “Was that before or after he tried to put you on a stage that he had rigged with TNT?”

Tommy felt his heart skip a beat. What was he talking about? What stage? When—

Right, Tommy remembered bitterly, he had amnesia. Apparently two months had passed without any memory of what went on in them.

“Wilbur wouldn’t do that,” Tommy said, still furious, “Wilbur wouldn’t try to kill me like that.”

“I was there, Tommy,” Technoblade snapped, grabbing onto Tommy’s arm tightly, “I was there while Wilbur reinstated that government and placed *you* as president. And then the stage you were supposed to be standing on for your speech was the first thing to explode when Wilbur blew up his entire country.”

“Then why aren’t I in L’manberg?” Tommy demanded, trying to yank his arm out of Technoblade’s grip and failing miserably, “Why am I here, with *you*?”

“Because you gave the presidency to Tubbo.” Technoblade still looked furious, and Tommy felt his heart begin to quake. “And then Tubbo exiled you.”

It was as though that stupid frozen weather had frozen the entire world. Tommy could barely register what was going on. Wilbur was killed by Phil, Tubbo exiled Tommy, what was going on anymore?

To Tommy’s horror, his eyes began to burn. “Stop lying,” Tommy whispered, “Tubbo—Tubbo wouldn’t do that.”

“Why do you think you’re here and not in L’manberg?” Technoblade asked.

Wilbur had always warned Tommy that he couldn’t trust Tubbo, that Tubbo would eventually betray him.

Still, the thought hurt more than Tommy was able to bear.

Tommy tried to swallow back the lump in his throat. “I’m still killing Phil,” he said firmly, “He murdered Wilbur, and he was my *brother*—”

“Phil is your father,” Technoblade said firmly, “And if you kill him, then I will kill you.”

Tommy laughed hysterically. “Then we’ll all have gotten a turn, won’t we? Phil kills Wilbur, I kill Phil, you kill me, and you’re the last man standing, because you’re the blade, and you’re never going to die, and I *hate you*—”

“The feeling’s mutual,” Technoblade said gruffly. He grabbed Tommy’s other arm, practically lifting Tommy off of the ground. “Promise me you’re not killing Phil.”

“I’m not promising you anything,” Tommy spat, “Let go of me!”

“Not until you promise me.”

“I hate you,” Tommy snapped, “Let the hell go of me Technoblade, and maybe I’ll make it painless.”

“I can stand here all day.”

Tommy began cursing Technoblade out as violently as possible, kicking Technoblade and trying his hardest to get in a few punches. “Let go of me! I’ll kill you! I’ll kill both of you! It’s what you deserve for letting Wilbur die!”

Technoblade sighed, muttering something that Tommy couldn’t make out over his own furious shouting. Then, Technoblade lifted Tommy off the ground properly and turned around, taking Tommy back to his cabin.

“What are you doing?!” Tommy shrieked, “You’re going the wrong way, you can’t—”

“Actually, you’ll find that I can,” Technoblade said dryly.

“You’re the worst person I’ve ever met,” Tommy snapped, “I can’t believe I ever saw you as a brother, now I just want to stab you, and I will, as soon as you let go of me I will, and if I have to see that stupid ghost, I’ll kill him too, just watch me—”

“Please don’t force me to tie you up,” Technoblade sighed, “That would be a headache to deal with.”

More panic mixed in with the anger, and Tommy started kicking Technoblade more wildly. “If you tie me up you’ll regret it, don’t you dare tie me up—”

“Then stop acting like a feral raccoon.”

“You killed Wilbur!”

“Phil killed Wilbur, and that was after he destroyed his entire nation and asked to be killed.”

“Do you think I care about that?” Tommy spat, “If you’re not going to let me kill Phil, just kill me now so that I can *see him* again.”

More tears were spilling down Tommy’s cheeks as they stepped back into the cabin.

“I’m not killing you,” Technoblade said, his voice more subdued than it was a few moments earlier.

“Why not?” Tommy demanded, “You seemed fine with the idea before. What? Do I have to kill Phil first? I can do that—”

Technoblade glared at Tommy, and Tommy felt a shiver run down his spine. “You are *not* killing Phil, and you are not dying.”

Tommy glared at the wall. “Wilbur’s dead,” he stated.

“Yeah, and guess what, I don’t think you dying is going to change that fact.”

All of the anger from before was suddenly gone, as though someone had physically drained Tommy of any energy. He stared dully at Technoblade, trying to find it within himself to shout some more, trying to find a way to continue kicking.

Instead, he just stared, trying his hardest not to cry any more than he already had.

“I could see him again?” Tommy whispered, although it didn’t sound as resolute as he’d like it to. “I promised I wouldn’t leave him, and I’m here, and he’s gone.”

“That’s probably the least healthy mindset I’ve ever heard,” Technoblade said, “Which is saying something.”

“Shut up,” Tommy snapped, “You don’t know anything.”

Technoblade sighed for the umpteenth time. “If I let go of you, will you stab me?”

“No,” Tommy lied.

Technoblade carefully let go of Tommy, and Tommy resisted the urge to collapse to the ground in a pathetic slump.

Instead, he summoned his sword from his inventory and aimed it straight at Technoblade.

Technoblade summoned his own sword at incomprehensible speed and twisted Tommy’s sword out of his hand. It fell to the ground with a clatter.

Technoblade aimed the tip of his sword at Tommy’s neck. “Are you done now?” he asked.

“Are you going to kill me?”

Technoblade instantly dispelled his sword into his inventory, and Tommy felt as though an entire shudder had run through his body.

“Am I going to have to tie you up?” Technoblade asked.

Tommy thought about dark closets and punishments, and his heartrate picked up slightly.

“No,” he said quietly. He glared. “I still hate you, though.”

Technoblade pointed to the couch. “Sit,” he instructed.

Tommy glared. “I don’t have to do what you say.”

Technoblade through his arms in the air. “Fine,” he muttered, “Then you just stand there.”

He walked to the door and grabbed a fur cloak off of a hook and chucked it at Tommy. Tommy caught it on instinct.

“Put that on,” Technoblade instructed, “You look frozen.”

“I wonder why,” Tommy muttered under his breath, rolling his eyes.

Technoblade left the room, and Tommy stood there for a few moments, making no move to put on the cloak.

But he was cold, and maybe the best way to spite Technoblade was to wear his own cloak.

Totally.

Yeah.

Tommy scowled and pulled the cloak around his shoulders. The soft material felt strange, but not completely unwelcome, and he had to admit that it was incredibly soft.

Tommy walked over to the sofa Technoblade pointed to earlier and sat down on it with an unceremonious thump. He wanted to go kill Phil. He wanted to kill Technoblade. He wanted to kill himself.

But Technoblade clearly wasn’t letting that happen anytime soon, so Tommy just sat there, staring dully at the fireplace.

Tommy was tired.

He wanted Wilbur.

## Chapter End Notes

Whoooo more angst.

Next chapter is Schlatt and Dream and then we get to dive into plot

yayyyyyyyyyy /s

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments (no constructive crit pls, typos are fine) <3

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

glatt and draem what will they do

## Chapter Notes

tw: child abuse, referenced death,

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Schlatt was standing over Secretary Tubbo Underscore, wondering why on earth he had spotted this kid sleeping on the goddamn job.

“Hey, kid,” Schlatt snapped, “What do you think you’re doing?”

Tubbo didn’t answer, not even moving at Schlatt’s declaration.

First sleeping on the job, and then blatant disrespect?

Schlatt wondered why he hadn’t just replaced his entire staff with more *competent* workers. He’d get on that.

In the meantime, Schlatt reached to grab Tubbo by the hair. A good yank should wake him up.

And then Schlatt’s fingers passed straight through Tubbo’s hair. Schlatt didn’t even *feel* it.

Schlatt frowned. He tried again.

Once again, his fingers passed through Tubbo.

What the heck was going on? Had the kid turned into a ghost?

“Wake up,” Schlatt snapped.

Tubbo didn’t even move.

Schlatt reached for the mug sitting near Tubbo’s head, getting ready to slam it on the ground and let it shatter, but his had gone straight through it.



Schlatt scowled. What was going on today? Why couldn't he touch or grab anything? Why was nobody *listening* to him?

And then Tubbo finally sat up, rubbing his face exhaustedly. Speaking of his face, it was coated in burn scars that certainly weren't there the day before. Maybe the kid had gotten into an accident or something. It didn't exactly matter, considering the disgusting insubordination that was occurring right underneath Schlatt's nose.

"It took you long enough," Schlatt snapped, "What the heck do you think you're doing?"

Tubbo didn't answer, instead acting as though he hadn't heard Schlatt at all. He instead leapt to his feet and ran to the bathroom, clearly realizing that he had important things to get done, and that Schlatt was *less than happy* with his behavior.

That didn't excuse the fact that Tubbo continued to act as though Schlatt wasn't even around, instead, moving down the halls quickly.

Schlatt followed him, ready to show him his place as soon as he could actually touch things. He watched with increasing disdain and frustration as Fundy and this strange kid named Ranboo continued to act as though Schlatt wasn't there, calling Tubbo *president*.

And then Fundy decided to say the damned words.

"Tubbo, Schlatt's dead. Died of a heart attack, remember?"

He *what*?

Schlatt ignored the way things were beginning to make sense; he ignored the way him being a ghost would explain why everybody was acting like he wasn't there.

Because Schlatt very distinctly remembered *not* dying yesterday, and Fundy was speaking like Schlatt had been dead for weeks.

"You guys think you're hilarious, don't you?" Schlatt drawled, "I'll make sure you're all executed for this."

They continued to ignore him, not even phased by the threat.

Schlatt needed a drink.

When he finally found the kitchens, he found he couldn't even pick up a bottle.

Dream was standing in the snow.

How did he even get there?

He shivered, hugging himself. He wasn't wearing the most *ideal* clothing for this weather.

Did he sleepwalk? Had he dissociated?

What other explanation would there be for him suddenly finding himself in the *snow*?

The last thing he remembered, he was collecting more TNT for Wilbur, reading himself to tighten his grip on Wilbur's mind. The sooner he got rid of L'manberg the sooner he could finally make this place safe again.

But instead he was wasting time, frolicking in the *snow*.

Sighing, Dream searched the area for any sign of life. After peering into the horizon, he finally spotted a small structure hardly the size of a pinprick in the distance.

If nothing else, he could get directions on how to return to civilization. And if it turned out he was seeing things, he'd just make a nether portal and try to find the paths home from there.

But seriously, why did he choose *now* of all times to start finding himself in the middle of nowhere? Why couldn't he have done this when he wasn't in the middle of trying to get his country back?

Dream inhaled deeply through his nose. It was fine. This was fine.

Dream continued walking through the snow, grateful that it was at least daytime. Having to deal with monsters on top of everything else would have been a major aggravation.

The small pinprick house in the distance was increasing in size, and Dream was very relieved to see that it was, in fact, a house, and not a figment of Dream's imagination. That was one less thing to worry about, at least.

Dream was nearly to the house when he was stopped by a phantom he had never seen before.

Except... he had.

A transparent, ghost-like figure wearing the face of Wilbur Soot smiled at him, looking as naïve as a child. A blue sheep stood by his side.

"Dream!" the ghost version of Wilbur said, "How have you been?"

"Who the heck are you?"

The ghost's entire body flicked like a broken light-bulb, but a smile quickly returned to his face.

"Oh, I've always liked your jokes, Dream," the ghost said, "I'm Ghostbur, remember?" He pointed to the sheep, beaming widely. "This is Friend."

Dream eyed the sheep disdainfully. Who named their pet sheep *Friend*?

He didn't have any time to waste on this spectre.

“Well, Ghostbur, do you have any idea where the *real* Wilbur Soot is?”

Ghostbur’s smile slipped into a frown again, a strange blue substance dripping from his fingertips. “I, um, everybody’s been asking about him lately,” his voice wavered, “Alivebur’s gone. He can’t hurt anyone anymore.”

Dream blinked, processing the ghost’s words.

“He’s *what?*”

“He died!” Ghostbur suddenly shouted. Dream barely had enough time to process the anger before a smile grew on Ghostbur’s face again. “That was a happy memory. Philza killed me, you know.”

What? Wilbur was *dead*? Philza killed him? When? Did it have anything to do with the fact that Dream had suddenly found himself in the snow without any explanation?

“Isn’t Philza your father?” Dream asked slowly.

Ghostbur nodded. “Mhm! I asked him to, and he did it.”

When had Philza even arrived at the area? Last Dream remembered, Wilbur was raging about the fact that he hadn’t bothered to come over as soon as he had received letters about the L’manberg war.

“Why?”

Ghostbur’s face flickered more of that blue substance dripping from his fingers.

“I, um...” His face cleared up. “Have you met Friend?”

Dream rolled his eyes. It was clear he wasn’t going to get any answers from Wilbur’s forgetful ghost.

“Who lives in that house?”

Wilbur brightened. “Oh, that’s where Technoblade and Tommy—” He cut himself off. “Oops, that was meant to be a secret. You won’t tell, right?”

Dream nodded absent mindedly, staring at the house. Clearly, Dream was missing some time. Wilbur didn’t get killed by Philza Minecraft, turn into a ghost, and have his brothers living in a completely different place from Pogtopia in the span of hours.

He walked passed the ghost and headed straight for the front steps of the house.

“Wait!” Ghostbur cried, “I—”

Dream ignored him, marching up the stairs and knocking on the door.

“Technoblade?! Tommy?! I know you’re in there!”

There was the sound of frantic shuffling, and the door swung open to reveal Technoblade, completely decked out in armor and holding a sword. Tommy was standing behind him, looking far worse for wear than Dream remembered him last being, which was saying something. Pogtopia hadn't treated either Wilbur or Tommy well.

"What do you want, Dream?" Technoblade snapped, "Because you're not having Tommy."

Dream was so tired of being confused. "Why would I want Tommy? I want to know what the hell I missed."

The anger on Technoblade's face morphed into despair, and Tommy instantly shoved himself in front of Technoblade.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, looking suspicious, "Tubbo exiled me, that's what happened, and apparently, I'm hiding from you, although last I checked, you were on our side \_\_\_\_"

"Why did Tubbo exile you?!" Alarm seeped through Dream, and he was glad most of his face was covered by his mask.

"Does it look like I know?!" Tommy shouted.

Technoblade wore the expression of someone who was entirely too tired for this. Dream wished that things could be normal again so that he could carry on with his plans as usual, and not have to read an entire book on what happened while he was gone.

"You definitely had something to do with it," Technoblade said, "Tommy couldn't seem to decide if you were his worst enemy or his best friend."

"We're not friends," both Dream and Tommy said at the same time.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm baccckkkkkkk

now that i'm done establishing things i can actually write fic

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments (no constructive crit unless you want your comment deleted, typos are fine). <3

Comment or i'll never update this fic ever again.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Techno fight while dream has popcorn

## Chapter Notes

tw: arguing; discussion of terrorism, betrayal, death, codependency, etc; disownment

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade very reluctantly let Dream inside.

*Dream! **OUR FAVORITE SPEEDRUN MAN. HERE TO HELP US DISMANTLE THE GOVERNMENT. DUDUDDUDU***

Dream looked about as confused as Tommy did, fortunately without any of the anger and determination to kill Phil. Technoblade wondered if he should lock Tommy in his bedroom at night to keep him from sneaking out to do just that, come to think of it.

*GREAT IDEA. **LOCK ‘IM UP. HE CAN BE LIKE RAPUNZEL AND TUBBO CAN MAKE HIM LET DOWN HIS HAIR. HE DOESN’T HAVE THAT MUCH HAIR. ITS MAGIC HAIR IT CAN GROWWWWWW—***

If Technoblade chose the locking up option, he was also going to lock the windows.

“I am... so confused,” Dream admitted.

Technoblade was also confused. And tired. And not paid enough for this.

“Look... it’s simple, really. You and Tommy have amnesia from Pogtopia, I’m assuming. Since then, Wilbur has been killed by Phil, L’manberg has been destroyed and rebuilt, Tubbo is the president—”

Dream snorted. “I’m sorry *what?*”

Technoblade stared at him in deadpan. “What is it now?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Dream gestured wildly, looking like he was in danger of laughing hysterically. “Who thought it was a good idea to make *Tubbo* the president?”

**GOOD POINT. ISN'T HE LIKE SIXTEEN? I AM SIXTEEN GOING ON SEVENTEEN—  
NO SINGING**

“Look, it was Wilbur’s idea, not mine.” Technoblade went into the kitchen, putting a tea kettle full of water on the stove. The least he could do was make a cup of tea to calm his now racing thoughts. “Does it look like I’m a mind-reader?”

“I thought you of all people would know that putting a *child* in a position of power, especially a yes-man like *Tubbo*, would be a terrible idea.”

Technoblade rolled his eyes. “Look, I didn’t care *who* was in power. I just wanted the power to go away.”

**HECK YES. DOWN WITH THE MONARCHY. AND THE DEMOCRACY. AND  
ANARCHY. WAIT NO. UP WITH THE ANARCHY. BUT IT RHYMES WITH THE OTHER  
THINGS. BOOOO YOU'RE LAMMMMMEEEEEE**

Tommy glared at Technoblade. “It was *our* nation. I’m your brother, Technoblade, the least you could do—”

“You’re not my brother,” Technoblade interrupted.

**OOOOOO. SICK BURN. OH NO LOOK AT TOMMY'S FACE**

Tommy’s eyes were indeed so wide that they looked as though they were ready to fall out.

“What?” he whispered, his voice hoarse.

Sometimes, Technoblade didn’t understand Tommy at all. “Earlier you were screaming about how you wanted to stab me.”

“But I... that didn’t mean...” Tommy fumbled for words. “Technoblade, I just *say* things. I was angry. Hell, I still am angry, but I didn’t mean...”

**Oh noooo. EHH HE WAS ANNOYING ANYWAY. BUT HE WAS OUR FRIEND.**

Technoblade sighed. “Tommy, we stopped being brothers weeks ago. Maybe you should’ve thought twice before betraying me.”

Tommy’s expression screwed up into one of anger. “I don’t even *remember* betraying you!”

“But you were planning on it! You were planning on re-establishing the government, on using *me*—”

“Guys,” Dream interrupted, sounding unimpressed. “As much as I would *love* to listen to your family drama, which, funnily enough, has only seemed to triple since I last saw you all, I don’t really care.”

Tommy glared. “Well, of course, you don’t. You know, I saw the way you were talking to Wilbur, you—”

“You mean giving him advice?” Dream asked mildly. “Because yes, I was just trying to help him—”

“You weren’t helping him!” Tommy was now breathing heavily, anger making his face red. “You were making things worse!”

***MHM. CAN VOUCH. DREAM YOU ALWAYS WERE VERY SUS. ALWAYS VENTING ALL OVER THE PLACE. TRULY SHAMEFUL, REALLY.***

“I was helping him protect *you*.” Dream took a step toward Tommy, and Tommy took a step back. “Because, fun fact, Wilbur loves you. Hell, I’d even say he’s *obsessed* with you. Which really only gives me more questions—”

“Dream.”

Dream turned toward Technoblade, crossing his arms. “What?”

Technoblade massaged his eyes. The constant discussion of Wilbur being alive was really wearing him down, and Technoblade wasn’t sure how much longer he’d be able to stand it.

“I don’t know, just... mind your own business.”

Tommy looked kind of shaken, and Technoblade would know. He did watch the kid grow up.

*He was much cuter as a baby. REMEMBER WHEN HE WOULD BABBLE. OH HE WAS SO CUTE BACK THEN. HIS CHEEKS—*

“Ha,” Tommy said breathily. He shook his head. “I hate both of you now. I’m going to find Tubbo.”

Technoblade grabbed Tommy by the arm before Tommy could take a step out the door.

“What is it now?” Tommy snapped. “I’m not going to kill *your* precious father, since if you’ve disowned me, I wouldn’t be surprised if Phil has too. I just want to talk to Tubbo, is that too much to ask for?”

“Well, first of all, I don’t trust you.” Technoblade gave Tommy a stern look. “Second of all, I think you’ve forgotten the fact that you’re exiled.”

“Yeah, and why should I believe a thing you say?” Tommy tested, giving Technoblade his own glare. “I *founded* L’manberg. If what you’re saying is true, I helped save it from Schlatt and the president is my best friend! There’s no reason—”

“You just created a paradox. If you don’t believe me, then you shouldn’t believe that Tubbo is president—”

Tommy grit his teeth and pulled a sword out of his inventory. “Let me leave, Technoblade.”

***AWWW THINGS ARE GETTING HEATED. FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT. ONLY ONE MAN CAN BE VICTORIOUS. IT’LL BE THE BEST FIGHT OF THE CENTURY. LETS***

## GO TECHNO LETS GO

“Are we really going to do this again? Because honestly, I would prefer that we reschedule this to tomorrow.”

“Well, I don’t care about you and your schedules,” Tommy snapped. “You know what I care about? Tubbo. Why do you even care if I can’t in trouble for returning to L’manberg? We’re not brothers anymore, *remember?*”

Technoblade hesitated. Tommy had a point. Besides, even if Tommy *tried* to kill Phil, the chances of him succeeding were embarrassingly low. Tommy was more likely to get *himself* killed in the process, which would indeed be a good thing from Technoblade.

Right?

***RIGHT. ABSOLUTELY. NOOOOO NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. HE’S JUST A KID PLEASEEEEEEE. BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD***

“Fine,” Technoblade sighed. He let go of Tommy’s arm. “On your own head be it.”

Tommy gave Technoblade an icy grin. “Thank you.”

And with that, Tommy marched out of the house, slamming the door shut behind him. The whistling of the tea kettle interrupted the stunned silence that Technoblade and Dream were currently sharing, and Technoblade rushed across the room to take it off the stove.

“Well then,” he sighed. He turned toward Dream. “Tea?”

## Chapter End Notes

Technoblade needs some redemption in this fic, it was inevitable

the plot will pick up next chapter, and im gonna actually try to put this fic on the list of priorities hahaha

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments (no constructive crit or i will delete that comment, typos are fine). <3

Comment or i will cry because i am very tired /lh /np /hj also tubbo will die



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!